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Choice Poetry.

"I AM NOT OLD."

BY FRANCES D. GAGE, OF OHIO

Oh, no! I'm not old! though the age frost is creeping
With silvery rim my once " bonnie brown hair,"
And wide in the East its white stillness is sweeping,
On my brow, lost to full long years have been
Oh, no! I'm not old! though my footsteps are growing
More feeble and slow, and my laugh is less gay,
And the tear on my cheek has long since ceased to flow,
And my eyes grow more dim, and my strength more
Though the rose from my lip and my cheek has departed,
Its fair hue of joy has long since ceased to be,
And I feel, when I see her, so kind and true-hearted,
That the sunshine of Love has long since left me.

Oh, no! I'm not old! Time has never oppressed me—
Then" Love let me Mary my bosom friend be,
And this truest of her sisters, we just vow ole to
My happiness knew none to add hours, who are
Then, with such feeling and such dear words each
Much, or none need to look to the wardrobe of
Oh, no! I'm not old! The Fire and all my graces,
And my vigor and strength, for the years of earth—do
Therefore, I vow none of those who stand near take
To whose kind ears of their sympathy
Oh, no! I'm not old! though my frame is drooping,
The cause was a within in self-betrayal and strong
Yet, I'm not old! though my locks are whitening,
Then, I hope and love will in youth still play
Oh, no! I'm not old! for the bud and the blossom,
Are as fair and as sweet and as dear to my bosom,
As when first in my path they appeared in the morning,
Oh, no! I'm not old! to old wrinkles no fear has,
Nor the moment of years that shrouds shroud in
For the beginning of hope, and trust and sweetness
Are the same in the heart as when first it
Then gentle or stern, both my spirit and
Are the same as when first I
Then, when my pulses were warm and
Oh, no! I'm not old! for the wrists and
And the heart is as light to be

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW MODES.

"Oh, no," said Nan. "I have got to gather a bouquet for Miss Summerfield. I promised to send her some after dinner."

"Let me do it!"

"Thank you—no, sir, if you please, and I will go—no! Sue, who did not want to be seen entering the dining-room in her company.

"Then I must positively insist upon your letting me wait in the passage by Squire Darling, that I may escort you back to his wife," said Nan.

"I must apologize for my rudeness to you this morning, Miss Hinton. I do hope that you will forgive me. I was so much annoyed by Mr. Tompkins—a tradesman that holds the tuition-draft upon my father—that I could scarcely see. I felt that there could be no other—All at once I remembered that I had left my bouquet in the carriage—and then I was so much vexed that I could not find it, that I could not see. Then I was so upon the instant—but more mood—there is my bouquet—" and his eyes glanced, fawned and sparkled upon the basket of flowers that contained them on great—never on him as he stood there, and her eyes fell beneath the flash of admiration.

Nan pressed her hand—Nan leaned gently to his support—"Now speak to me kindly—say that you forgive me."

"I will; and do you prepare to hear nothing whatever? An hour ago the squire would not have said a word, but with me at this moment inconsistent and black as the world—agreeable as I could find for some of your love, and approved your manners, resembled in those particulars manner that he knew all about it—my, my, my—I am very happy to see you, Miss Hinton, thousand pardons!—and that we may be friends, friends and neighbors, I am sure, and I hope long, be united, cherished, and entwined like bride—but that you should not have the misfortune of making a bad one, and of the misery of which I do not wish that there was a vow—for the future you and I will be friends, I hope."

"I am relieved at the honor you intend me—" said Nan, coldly.

Arcenne bowed with grace and stately courtesy in reply, and the squire, somewhat mollified by the condescension of his guests, opened the gate, a gentleman and a host, resumed the conversation that had been broken off by the—but Arcenne sat there—but he could not eat—a mouthful—not of his food! He sipped his wine and lounged with his knife and fork, to avoid exciting enquiry. Wines was opposite to him. "Is it possible that I have slept?" He is just table's—no at least the indent of one who was with his head upon it.

The sun a deep stroke of act on the part of the "Is it possible that I have slept?" He is just table's—no at least the indent of one who was with his head upon it.

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Winny with you, she will perish here in her desolation! *I know it.* I am in her confidence. I am her bosom friend. She sleeps every night in my arms, Eclipse—but what upon my bosom, (there was another piece of dalliation,) she bosom is often wet with her tears as she murmurs in her slumber of you! If from any false sense of probity you fail to take her with you—nay, if you listen to her own pleading in behalf of her filial duty, he also is capable of self-immolation, you leave her to a certain death—to love it! Do not listen a moment to her pleadings or her father will be your victim! Oh, sir, the tenderness Ardenne had found Winny in the palace. He then her arm within his own, and led her down the steps, and out through the shade of the grand old oaks, and through a wicket gate that led into the deepest shades of the park, where they seated the gate of the narrow path, and pursued it until it brought them to—and opening bubbling from a cleft in a rock—he seated her there on the broad trunk of a tree, and passing one arm around her waist, pressed her head to his bosom, kissed her lips, and looking down lovingly in her face, he said,

"What is the matter, my dear Winny?"

"I don't know, indeed I don't! I know my heart is broken—but I don't know how it was broken, nor what did it! I only know that my heart has rents—but I do not know what it is, nor how it was rent! I only feel a suffocation here, she thought her fatal hour upon his breast—during the fog fits of her mental and protection, while she wept. He drew her closer to his bosom. He caressed, and sought to soothe her—he studied from it does—Winny had left present hopes upon her mind! Winny had left present hopes upon her mind! Winny had left present hopes upon her mind!

"Now, Winny, what said you?"

"Nothing! nothing! but that Miss Darling has turned a little *giddy*," said the squire, and then to himself he said, "Very well, young man! say, if you listen to her own pleading in behalf of her filial duty, he also is capable of self-immolation, you leave her to a certain death—to love it! Do not listen a moment to her pleadings or her father will be your victim! Oh, sir, the tenderness Ardenne had found Winny in the palace. He then her arm within his own, and led her down the steps, and out through the shade of the grand old oaks, and through a wicket gate that led into the deepest shades of the park, where they seated the gate of the narrow path, and pursued it until it brought them to—and opening bubbling from a cleft in a rock—he seated her there on the broad trunk of a tree, and passing one arm around her waist, pressed her head to his bosom, kissed her lips, and looking down lovingly in her face, he said,

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"Oh, Heaven! speak to me no more, Nan! I cannot bear it! I am going! I am, sir! no! that would be! I am going! Nan, sir! no! that would be! I am going! Nan, sir! no! that would be! I am going! Nan

Original Lectures

REV. DR. BAIRD'S HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

IRELAND, SCOTLAND, ETC.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

LECTURE XVI.

As to poor Ireland, her history may be given in a few words. That country was conquered by Henry the Second, in the latter part of the twelfth century, and the dominion of England pretty thoroughly established there. If the people of Ireland are disposed to complain about the conquest, they should lay the blame at the proper door; it was a Roman Catholic England that conquered a Roman Catholic Ireland, and the Irish ought not to accuse Protestantism of it. I cannot excuse the late manner of government of Ireland, however, by Protestant England, for in many cases it has been grievously misruled. As to the conquest of Ireland by the English, on the question I agree with Bishop Hughes; he says that Ireland was conquered, but that was not enough, and that is no doubt the true state of the case. If the Irish had received a different and more liberal form of government, Ireland might have been at this time, as associate kingdom, had its own legislature, and carried on its own government; and that would have conquered no less much for that, and it would not have been necessary to conquer Ireland, for substantially for the latter, when a King of Scotland, James the First, ascended the English throne, and since his accession in the year 1603 the two countries have been permanently connected. The Scots rejoice very much that they have never been a conquered people, and that they gave a monarch to England. They easily satisfy themselves in that way, and if Ireland had only given a King to Britain, I suppose the Irish would ever after have been contented to be the loyal subjects of England. It appears probably thinks that there may yet be something done for Ireland, for she has called her sixteen Court of Dublin. It is much to be hoped something should be done in that way, by the better feelings of England towards Ireland, for the idea that Ireland can achieve her independence, in the least element thing in the world.

As to the Scotch, they never think of such a thing as disowning their connection with England, and they are much attached to the union as the English themselves are; it was perfected, so far as necessary of sentiment was concerned, soon after the accession of James the First, who came to the throne in 1603. One hundred years later, in 1703, Queen Anne succeeded the throne; during her reign, in 1707, the Parliament of Scotland came to an end, and merged in that of England, and the union of the two countries was then complete. The Parliament, after the entrance of the Scotch members, was called the Parliament of Great Britain, as it was not formed previously however, until the Irish members came into the same body.

In the city of Edinburgh, per year ago was the old Parliament House of Scotland; enclosure of the historical facts which it brings to mind, is certainly a very striking and interesting building. There are many such localities in Scotland—scenes which are productive of reminiscences of by-gone days—and deeply interesting from their connection with the history of the country. Their battle-scenes are particularly so, and there are in England, also, spots rendered by great battles. Fortunately, however, there have not been very many great battles fought in England (none of the civil war of Charles the First were the only important one). The war between the Houses of York and Lancaster, called the War of the Roses, was a civil contest also, but is not worth speaking of as regard to what took place in later times, under Cromwell, and even then there was not a great deal of fighting.

Among the interesting buildings of Edinburgh, there is one intimately connected with the history of England, for in that building commenced the movement which cost Charles the First his head. It is St. Giles' Church, the largest in Edinburgh, and sometimes called the Cathedral; it is not to the extent that three separate congregations worship there at the time. Charles the First, following up what his father, James the First, had commenced, determined to make the Church of Episcopal. Presbyterianism was the almost universal among the Scots, and they began to wish to become Episcopalians, and to become as in the way that King Charles wanted them. That monarch, however, determined that the thing should take place, and after having prepared a liturgy, he appointed a day upon which the Episcopal service was to be used in those in all the churches of Scotland; on the day, St. Giles' Church was crowded to excess for there had been a great deal of opposition among the people, and many of them had resolved that the service should not go on. That was commenced reading the form of Episcopal worship when an old woman who sat near the pulpit, got up, lent back in her hand the stool upon which she was sitting, and called out to Dean, "Hoot! man, do you mean to say mass within my hearing," with the peculiar Scotch accent and pronouncing, and she hurled the stool at his head. Immediately there broke out the strong opposition of the men, and there was a tremendous disturbance in the church; this was the beginning of the civil war which cost Charles the First his throne and his head. It is a singular circumstance, that after the English and Scots came completely involved in that war against their monarch, the Scotch came round and supported Charles, so that Cromwell had to go and send the English, he had to conquer the Scots also, and he did it pretty effectually at the battle of Dunbar. What a battle that was, and what the illustrious of the whole of Cromwell's life carries! He had about forty thousand men on a league of land reaching into the sea—a low, marshy ground, where he was completely hemmed in by the Scotch, and where his destruction seemed inevitable. He had written to England for troops, but they did not come, and his provisions were fast failed. He had planned for a song on that peninsula in order that he might be near the sea, and not entirely surrounded by the enemies; he had sent vessels, also, to keep a communication with his fleet, upon which he depended for the food, however, could not get at, on account of the very stormy weather, so Cromwell found himself in a critical situation; his provision was getting out, he had no means to procure a fresh supply, and he knew that he must fight or battle; he prepared for it, therefore, as a last resort. The early part of the day was dark and gloomy; Cromwell drew up his troops in good order, and gave them that terrible motto—the war cry which he had so often used, and with such wonderful effect—Let God arise, and his enemies be scattered! Cromwell sounded that God did arise, for at that moment the sun came out from among the clouds with brilliant majesty. Cromwell's troops advanced to charge the Scots with perfect fury, for they knew the contest as a means of victory; and so it proved, for the Scots were totally defeated.

In my opinion, the battle of Dunbar was the most disciplined troops in the world, excepting perhaps the Jews, in the ancient days, when they planted their tent at their head. Cromwell made his troops well disciplined, and they were the bravest men England ever saw. That battle of Dunbar settled the matter with regard to the Scotch, and Cromwell very soon settled the matter in regard to England when he gained that rule of affairs, in England beheaded their King, Charles the First, and then established their Republic or Commonwealth. Under the Government of Cromwell the influence of that Republic was felt and acknowledged all over Europe, and Cromwell was never more powerful or more respected by cotemporaries than he was during the Protectorate period.

If you look at the advance of civilization in Great Britain and Ireland, you will find that it has been really wonderful, especially in Great Britain. For a long period of the Saxonic, the England there hundred years ago! When the Romans commenced the conquest they were a great sweeping, ignorant and depraved; they were still a hard-drinking people, as that trait of character belongs, and although they possessed to some general characteristics as the present population of the country, they were in no way to compare with the English of this day as to civilization and enlightenment of manners. To be sure, they have yet in England a great deal of rude ignorance and coarseness among the lower classes, but it is not nearly so prevalent as formerly—Then England received the Reformation very superficially; the higher classes embraced it in the time of Henry the Eighth, but it was then a very poor affair. When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, everything like Protestantism had pretty much stopped, so that England failed to receive that pure Christianity which she ought to have received. For a long time, too, the Church and Government of England neglected the education of the masses, and although that matter was made much progress lately, there is yet a great deal to be done.

If you will read the history of England in the times of the Reformation, you will find that the people were in a very rude state as regards society, and very far from having any idea of liberty or christianity. There was very little wealth among them. This is the time of Queen Mary, both their manners and situation show how little true civilization they had—everything was in a state of chaos and conflict which everybody, even the poorest, can now obtain, were either unknown, or in such a light as little fact only very few could procure them. Home rations, as to price are very indirect, and the condition of the Britons before she had a pair of clothing, a bed, or fourth or eight a piece for extent, is a long night unlike long by an miles wide, and is a wonderful city. If it goes on increasing until the end of this century as it has increased for his years, at that time there must have about five millions of people; there is no city in England which can compare with London.

Liverpool, which did not begin to have any important trade until the period of our Revolutionary War, has now well-nigh half a million thousand inhabitants, and more foreign commerce than London or any other city of Europe; London, however, has the greatest amount of internal trade, through the means of the vast extent region, in celebrated for its manufactures, and has a population of about three hundred thousand. Manchester, which has grown up principally within the present century, now contains six hundred thousand inhabitants; seventy or eighty years ago it was comparatively nothing. Much of its wealth and population is derived from its situation in the small villages of its immediate vicinity.

In Ireland, there is the city of Dublin, which, however, has not increased much in wealth, commerce, or population, during the present century; it is of ancient origin, having been well known to the Romans; they gave it the name of Civitas Eblana, from which originates the present name of Dublin. Belfast is a new city, and has much trade.

As to Scotland, you find Glasgow, which is a very important city, on the present occasion, to about three hundred thousand, and it has a great deal of the occupation of the cotton trade. Although, the old seat of government, dates as he goes, and as there are nine hundred inhabitants only gradually; it is one of the best built cities in the world, and contains several very handsome and beautiful. The old parts, however, show the barbarism of the middle ages; they are of houses five, six, seven stories high, and very poorly built. Every one of these was built of stone, but they are dismal looking, and show the rude state of things existing at the time they were erected.

Edinburgh, as I have said, is much more advanced than she was some years ago, and she, too, has a School System—one which is as early as that established recently in Prussia, and, as a matter of fact, it was intended to establish a school for every parish, and as there are nine hundred parishes in Scotland, there are of course nine hundred and nine hundred schools. These schools are supported by the lands of the country, which also support the national church; the teachers of these schools are not only paid, but educated men, so that every scholar has an opportunity of receiving a classical education.

From these facts you find that Scotland has produced a number of illustrious men in the science and literary attainments, for besides their numerous schools and academies, the Scots have long been considered remarkable for their attention to education; and, as I said, England has no School System, although they are trying to go in under way, now; they feel great difficulty from the fact that the Church wishes to have the control of the education in the parishes, and are willing to allow. In Ireland they would never tolerate such a thing, because the Church there has no sufficiently to support the schools as well. The causes of people in England, however, are rapidly increasing in education and intelligence, and if it were not for the Sunday-drinks, I do not see any hinderance to their progress at all. She has numerous colleges and universities, Edinburgh and the Scots have been celebrated for its eminence in the higher classes of learning. But two greatest universities are those of Oxford and Cambridge, which are not there in very mixed spirit; they were established very early, and are very ancient, and consequently they hold me that in Roman Catholic times, there were twenty thousand students at Oxford and Cambridge. In later times, there has been a Currently established at London, and a King's College there, which is the same as a Gin-county, with the exception of the name; there is a new University at Durham, also, in the North of England, so that in Great Britain and England there are seven or eight universities, and Edinburgh is the seventh, as above named, four in Scotland, and one in Ireland, at Dublin.

England owes her greatness, under God, almost entirely to the Protestant Reformation. Since the Reformation, the progress of that religious cause progress has been without a parallel in England; and it is a fact that no one can or will deny with those persons who think that England has care passed her best days. She is undergoing a great change, it is true, but that change is not an account at the adoption of a different policy as to commerce, and that it be sought other than ours; the Government is now following a liberal course, and there is no reason to fear that it will change. The Queen, and those of the English people, the efforts of men of talents to propagate certain opinions. For a long period, there, the Government was in England, endeavoring to promote those liberal ideas, and they have at last so far succeeded that the present government of the country, that latterly there has been a great desire for change, but there is no reason to fear that will instructed in those opinions though the power and influence of the English from the power and influence of the English from the Government, many of the great reforms that England have derived their commission with the Normans, in my opinion. Success on the part of the Reformers is certain.

The Scots are very different in that respect; there is not much body among them, but as to mind, they will compare favorably accordingly with the English at any time. The Irish will compare well with either, and I think the last are improve in quickness and real genius to any people of the British Empire; the people of Ireland, however, have never had the training and mental cultivation of the English and Scots.

As to the present government of England, I do not think that the affairs of that country were ever by the Reformers any time of more prosperity than at present. It does not make any difference which party there has been, for the opposition are very patriotic. There is not the line of separation between their two parties that there was of Whigs and the Tories—in this respect, for both are thoroughly English, and you will not find a Tory who is not as high a Reformer as any Whig, and vice versa. Home reform, as to price are very indirect, and the condition of the Britons before she had a pair of clothing, a bed, or fourth or eight a piece for extent, is a long night unlike long by an miles wide, and is a wonderful city. If it goes on increasing until the end of this century as it has increased for his years, at that time there must have about five millions of people; there is no city in England which can compare with London.

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Edinburgh, as I have said, is much more advanced than she was some years ago, and she, too, has a School System—one which is as early as that established recently in Prussia, and, as a matter of fact, it was intended to establish a school for every parish, and as there are nine hundred parishes in Scotland, there are of course nine hundred and nine hundred schools. These schools are supported by the lands of the country, which also support the national church; the teachers of these schools are not only paid, but educated men, so that every scholar has an opportunity of receiving a classical education.

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As to Scotland, you find Glasgow, which is a very important city, on the present occasion, to about three hundred thousand, and it has a great deal of the occupation of the cotton trade. Although, the old seat of government, dates as he goes, and as there are nine hundred inhabitants only gradually; it is one of the best built cities in the world, and contains several very handsome and beautiful. The old parts, however, show the barbarism of the middle ages; they are of houses five, six, seven stories high, and very poorly built. Every one of these was built of stone, but they are dismal looking, and show the rude state of things existing at the time they were erected.

Edinburgh, as I have said, is much more advanced than she was some years ago, and she, too, has a School System—one which is as early as that established recently in Prussia, and, as a matter of fact, it was intended to establish a school for every parish, and as there are nine hundred parishes in Scotland, there are of course nine hundred and nine hundred schools. These schools are supported by the lands of the country, which also support the national church; the teachers of these schools are not only paid, but educated men, so that every scholar has an opportunity of receiving a classical education.

From these facts you find that Scotland has produced a number of illustrious men in the science and literary attainments, for besides their numerous schools and academies, the Scots have long been considered remarkable for their attention to education; and, as I said, England has no School System, although they are trying to go in under way, now; they feel great difficulty from the fact that the Church wishes to have the control of the education in the parishes, and are willing to allow. In Ireland they would never tolerate such a thing, because the Church there has no sufficiently to support the schools as well. The causes of people in England, however, are rapidly increasing in education and intelligence, and if it were not for the Sunday-drinks, I do not see any hinderance to their progress at all. She has numerous colleges and universities, Edinburgh and the Scots have been celebrated for its eminence in the higher classes of learning. But two greatest universities are those of Oxford and Cambridge, which are not there in very mixed spirit; they were established very early, and are very ancient, and consequently they hold me that in Roman Catholic times, there were twenty thousand students at Oxford and Cambridge. In later times, there has been a Currently established at London, and a King's College there, which is the same as a Gin-county, with the exception of the name; there is a new University at Durham, also, in the North of England, so that in Great Britain and England there are seven or eight universities, and Edinburgh is the seventh, as above named, four in Scotland, and one in Ireland, at Dublin.

England owes her greatness, under God, almost entirely to the Protestant Reformation. Since the Reformation, the progress of that religious cause progress has been without a parallel in England; and it is a fact that no one can or will deny with those persons who think that England has care passed her best days. She is undergoing a great change, it is true, but that change is not an account at the adoption of a different policy as to commerce, and that it be sought other than ours; the Government is now following a liberal course, and there is no reason to fear that it will change. The Queen, and those of the English people, the efforts of men of talents to propagate certain opinions. For a long period, there, the Government was in England, endeavoring to promote those liberal ideas, and they have at last so far succeeded that the present government of the country, that latterly there has been a great desire for change, but there is no reason to fear that will instructed in those opinions though the power and influence of the English from the Government, many of the great reforms that England have derived their commission with the Normans, in my opinion. Success on the part of the Reformers is certain.

The Scots are very different in that respect; there is not much body among them, but as to mind, they will compare favorably accordingly with the English at any time. The Irish will compare well with either, and I think the last are improve in quickness and real genius to any people of the British Empire; the people of

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

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Miscellaneous.

FROM THE NATIONAL.

ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Oh, still sweet summer days! Oh, moonlit nights,
Oh, smiling world of many hued delights,
Oh, sighing winds, and murmuring waves, and trees,
The sacred wreaths of pioneers! How, oh,
Dear friend,
Without thee on full of beauty! Twilight deep,
How dost thou on mysterious gloom!
And how, oh, Night, irrapport thou the spheres of sleep!

For she is gone from me—gone, lost forever,
In the wild billows' mournful sympathy and tone!
Close full of love, life, hope and high endeavor,
Lost when we would have welcomed her the most.

Woe is for oh—woe, woe! I am lost too!
The friend whose cheek and light had formed thy
To feel, imagine, reason and endure,
To love—to—to—love me unrequited!
Was it for this and out then hovest thy part.
Was it for this that I was left behind?
Deceiving thy large mind and larger heart
To bear the burden of the world's cold scorn?
And from that home driven out by Tyranny?
Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!
Oh, God! the fearful storm—the spitting wretches—
Oh, God! the fearful storm—the spitting wretches—
The drowning billows of the dreary sea!

Oh, mercy a home! we cherishes dear with grief;
We who had known thee love—and met thee
Where Rome threw proken light on every leaf
And with vivine power in its conquering sphere.
Oh, Friend! how we reach the Italian days
Amid the Queen of flowers and sunny skies!
The Coliseum and the fireweed bear
The Grand Basilica and the Vatican walked
The lone Campagne and the villas green—
Oh, Friend! how we reach the Italian days!
Of gorgeous temples—ruins, palaces, and
All these—these are my days return no bright,
Now the glory is over, and the light is gone!
Then that bright time. The dreams that lived thee
Now find divine completion, and, unfurled
The spirit wings find out their native sphere.

Farewell! thought-gifted, noble-hearted one!
We who have known thee know that not for long
The star that set in storms will storms upon
The heaven it brightened once and where no more
Is the blue summer of God's firmament
Beams out with power light then we have known,
Above the tempest and the wild unrest
Which mingle with the darkness of the earth.
Bayhead, Massachusetts.

ERRORS IN COOKING.

Dr. R. Shelton, of Cincinnati, writes largely on the principal diseases of the interior of the valley of North America, gives the following excellent exercitions of the vicious modes of cooking in general in the valley:

1. With the mass of our population, bread of every kind is apt to be baked too soon after the removal of the yeast from the grain, and before there has been sufficient maceration. But, what is still worse, it is scarcely ever baked enough.

2. Biscuits, as they are called, are baked in a hot oven by which process the starch of the material is rendered unappreciable and indigestible.

3. When dough for leavened bread, by excess of yeasty fermentation, has been changed with the production of a great deal of acid, it is neutralized by the carbonate of potash, or soda, but the bread is never sour.

4. Pastry, instead of being flaky and tender, is tough and heavy, almost uneatable from greasy.

5. Meats are often baked and fried, instead of being roasted or boiled, whereby they become impregnated with empyreumatic oil, and not unfrequently charred on the outside, so that they are unwholesome.

6. Fish, meat, and especially poultry are commonly cooked too soon after death.

7. Eggs are generally boiled so hard as to render them tough, and many are often fried in fat in a still greater degree unwholesome; or raw eggs are taken with hot unleavened bread, containing lard, and then buttered, in a manner enough to make one sick at the sight.

8. Vegetables, abounding in fecula, such as potatoes, are not peeled, and have often a little coat all the starch grains are not burst open; consequently, indigestible. Others, also, which are boiled until that element is nearly congested and deposited in the structure of the leaf.

THE LATE PRESIDENT.

A REMINISCENCE.

About sixteen years ago, the Hon. Abijah Mann, jr., then a Representative in Congress from the District composed this and Orange County, made an attempt to introduce certain reforms into the practice of law. He was a member even the ordinary, much less the estate, of his plan; but we know that Mr. Mann did not succeed in effecting it. I may add that he has not lost any of his power. He has a peculiar governing of knowing the people, a systematic energy and perseverance, Mr. M. succeeded in urging his project until it became odious, when to his surprise, he received a letter from Zachary Taylor—then Colonel commanding the Military Post at Fort Jesup—requesting him to call on him for power to legislate, and make the people as comfortable as can be expected.

Mr. Mann's surprise was increased when he passed to be Lieut, or to the inhabitants of any other part of the British Empire. The Wales are of the line of the Saxon Kingdom—the Scots of that of the Normans—the Irish of the French; they are exactly like the modern Saxon—the inhabitants of the province of Brittany in France—of whom I spoke to you in a previous lecture. But the Saxon and Norman blood predominates, and the people of Ireland and those of England: The latter are not half so quick as the Irish, or as witty, but the former possess a power of the natural department of the service, and recommended as a remedy for these abuses, a return to the old and simple principles of the Constitution and economy. His declaration of principles of Democracy, Economy, Retrenchment, and Reform, Michael Hoffman or Samuel Young, would have subscribed to with pleasure. Mr. Mann succeeded, unless wiser wills his had been spent amid the rough and boisterous times on the frontier, in establishing a system which would be the extraordinary character.—*Midland Courier.*

THE LATE PRESIDENT.

Tom Scot Mann's Son—If there be a regal nobility, Lord Have the power to make it, then—what caprice he acts without control!—How King-like he wraps his pillow,—tumbling and tossing, and then arranging it with all the over-carrying requisites at his throbbing head! How he commands silence from a gaping room. Now lets fall weight, then half-length, then full-length, and then stands up and shakes the bed—and once across him of long-drawn sighs, and then he turns and tosses again. How sickness enlarges the dominions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object, he knows not the existence of others to him as his only duty. Tis the two Tables of the Law, and the Ten Commandments to him, and there is a great difference between the two maxims, however, in pretense to preserance: the English are almost universally the meekest people and obedient, and if they are the order equal a pagany, by any means, I have certainly felt myself very insignificant most getting into an omnibus with nine or ten English merchants.

The Scots are very different in that respect; there is not much body among them, but as to mind, they will compare favorably accordingly with the English at any time. The Irish will compare well with either, and I think the last are improve in quickness and real genius to any people of the British Empire; the people of

BUSINESS RELATIONS.

The New York Tribune recently contained the following extract from a letter of Mr. William Butterworth, at a meeting in behalf of the Southampton sufferers by the late fire:

"I will give you a gentleman for whom I labored in Deptford, Mass., some years. I was employed by him for some time in superintending his extensive business, and was treated by him as a friend. He was a man of the strictest integrity, really free, and making the ground a Republic of Republics. None in my country more respected benefactions, yet are not aggressive but ever ready to defend the right. He was a man of really what they appear to be. I said, 'I am a poor man, Mr. Butterworth. What is it that I will tell you one thing that I do know. I know that

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1850.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

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FLOWERING OF THE CANE

Our readers will remember an article recently copied by us from the "Knoxville Register," in relation to what appeared to be regarded in the West as an unheard-of phenomenon—the production of flowers and seeds, very much resembling rye, by the cane which abounds in that State.

One of the editors of the "North American," of this city, who is well booked-up in such matters, says that, however uncommon, there is nothing out-of-the-way or unnatural in the efflorescence, fructification and after-decay of the cane. He says:

The American cane is, like the Oriental bamboo, one of the long lived—the very long-lived—grasses, which bear seed but once, and complete their term of existence when they bear it; the period being so extended that it does not usually happen to one generation, or to a single individual, to be able to mark the time. We cannot find from the books,—or such as we have been able to refer to—that the period of the efflorescence of the cane has been yet ascertained. The *Knoxville Register* says that the oldest inhabitant never noticed the phenomenon before. If this be so, it shows that the period is an uncommonly long one. The Anglo-Saxons have been familiar with East Tennessee and the cane plant ever since the time of Boone's Rambles to Kentucky,—eighty-one years ago,—or rather, from the founding of Fort Loudon, twelve years earlier. The occurrence of such a phenomenon during this period, must have been observed and remarked. It seems, however, never to have been heard of. Yet we must not fall into an error on this account. The French began to be familiar with the great interior valley, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Lakes, nearly two hundred years ago; and we are not aware that they ever chronicled any observations on this point; although, it is most likely that the canes must have blossomed several times during that long period. We have the advantage of having commenced a precise and authentic record for the years 1849 and 1850.

What the cane is, in this particular, in the United States, the bamboo is in Hindostan; where intelligent Englishmen have been struck by the similar phenomenon of its sudden fructification, and have sought, with some success, to ascertain the period of its growth. A friend has placed in our hands a copy of the "*Proceedings of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India*," for February, 1842, in which is an article containing some interesting particulars on this subject, the results of the inquiries of Dr. Wallich, Major Sleeman and other savans on the spot. These gentlemen mention the flowering, in 1824, of what they call the "celebrated" grove or hedge of bamboos which surrounds the city of Rampore, in Rohilcund—it answers the purpose of a "wall or fortification,"—and in extent is "unrivalled in India." According to their inquiries, the seed was first sown in 1769; which would give the bamboo a life of fifty-five years—a very respectable term, considering that the bamboo is, like the cane, only a species of gigantic grass.

The bamboo also resembles its American congener in producing, when it does reach its bearing year, large quantities of highly nutritious grain. The work just quoted refers to the circumstance of a failure of the rice crop occurring in the province of Orissa in 1812, when a general famine was only prevented by the providential flowering of all the bamboos of a particular kind, followed by seed which the poor people watched for and gathered day and night, spreading clothes under the trees to catch it, and so were fed and preserved by thousands.

The Tennessee farmers are acting wisely in sowing the cane seed in their woodlands. They know its value for winter pastures. Most probably, if they could spare seed, some of our Eastern farmers would like to try the experiment—though the cane, where it even appears naturally, does not thrive very well East of the mountains.

A SONG WANTED.

Jenny Lind is desirous of singing a national song on her first appearance in this country.—Barnum offers one hundred dollars for a song, which is to be set to music by Mr. Benedict, Jenny's attendant. Compositions will be received till the 1st of September. Authors who may wish to compete for this prize, are requested to send their compositions to P. T. Barnum, Esq., New York, before the 1st of September next. Mr. Benedict writes Barnum as follows:

I have just heard M'lle Jenny Lind, whose voice has acquired—*if that were possible*—even additional power and effect by a timely and well-chosen repose. Mr. Wilton will bring you the programme for the first concert—which cannot fail to produce the most thrilling sensation in your noble metropolis.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 262—adults 92, and children 170.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 13th, after the presenting of resolutions, the bill distributing the public lands among the States in which they lie, for the use of actual settlers thereon, was taken up, and Mr. Walker made a speech in its support, after which it was postponed until Monday.

The California Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Davis of Mississippi, spoke against the bill, warning the Senate of terrible consequences to ensue if it passed.

Mr. Clemens followed in more decided terms, declaring himself ready to perform whatever acts his State required of him in reference to this measure. If she directed him to resist it in other fields, he was ready to obey her—no matter what her mandate. If this was treason he was a traitor, and intended to continue such.

Messrs. Houston, Barnwell, Ewing, and Davis, of Mississippi, continued the debate until the question was taken, and the bill passed. Yeas 34, Nays 18, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Bell, Benton, Bright, Cass, Chase, Cooper, Davis, of Massachusetts, Dickinson, Dodge, of Wis., Dodge of Iowa, Douglass, Ewing, Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Houston, Jones, Miller, Norris, Phelps, Seward, Shields, Smith, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Wales, Walker, Whitcomb, Winthrop.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Barnwell, Butler, Berrien, Clemens, Davis, of Miss., Foote, Hunter, King, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Soule, Turney.

Mr. Butler signified a desire to enter a protest to the bill on the part of the minority.

Mr. Douglass moved that the bill to establish a territorial government for New Mexico be made a special order for the 14th, at 12 o'clock. Carried: ayes 25, naye 14. Adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Hunter moved that the protest of the Senators which he presented against the passage of the California Bill, be entered upon the journal. [This protest is signed by Messrs. Mason, Hunter, Butler, Barnwell, Turney, Soule, Davis, of Mississippi, Atchison, Morton and Yulee.] After considerable debate, for and against the motion, its further consideration was postponed.

The Senate then took up the bill to establish the territorial government of Utah and New Mexico, and the settlement of the boundaries of Texas, and amended by striking out all relating to Utah and Texas, and describing the boundaries of Texas and Utah as defined in the bills recently passed.

Mr. Douglass moved an additional section, postponing the operation of the bill until the disputed boundaries of Texas shall have been settled by the mutual agreement of the parties. Adopted.

Mr. Foote moved to insert a proviso, that when New Mexico presents herself for admission as a State, she shall be admitted, either with or without slavery, as her Constitution may declare. Adopted.

Mr. Chase moved the insertion of the Jefferson proviso, inhibiting slavery which was rejected. Yeas 20, Nays 25, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Baldwin, Bradbury, Bright, Chase, Cooper, Davis of Mass., Dodge of Wis., Felch, Greene, Hale, Hamlin, Miller, Norris, Phelps, Shields, Smith, Upham, Walker, Winthrop, Whitcomb.

Nays—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Bell, Benton, Berrien, Cass, Davis, of Miss., Dawson, Dodge of Iowa, Downs, Foote, Houston, Hunter, Jones, King, Mangum, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Rusk, Sebastian, Soule, Sturgeon, Underwood, Wales.

Mr. Dickinson said he had paired off with Mr. Seward, who was necessarily absent from the city, or he would vote in the negative.

Mr. Hale moved the same amendments which were made to the Omnibus on his motion for securing the right of habeas corpus to the alleged slave, and providing for the carrying of the question of slavery to the Supreme Court, which were adopted.

The bill was then reported to the Senate, the amendments were concurred in, and the bill ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

The Senate, after being in executive session, adjourned.

On the 15th, the Fugitive Slave Bill was made the special order for Monday next.

The Protest against the California Bill then came up, and was debated by Messrs. Walker, Badger, Hunter, Benton, and others, until the usual hour of adjournment, when the motion to receive it was laid upon the table. The bill to establish the territorial government of New Mexico was then read a third time and passed, and after the consideration of Executive business the Senate adjourned to Monday next.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 13th, Mr. Richardson moved that the House take up the Senate Bill to pay a pension to John Mitchell, a soldier in the Mexican War, who lost both arms during the conflict. Concurred in.

Mr. Jones, from the Committee on Rules, offered an amendment in regard to the five minute privilege of speech. After debate, a motion to lay it upon the table was negatived; yeas 50, nays 130. The discussion continued, in a colloquial manner, until the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Seddon then made a speech, reviewing President Fillmore's recent Message; the Committee rose; the House adjourned.

On the 14th, the House took up Mr. Jones's report to modify the rules, so that, where debate is close by order of the House, any member shall be allowed in committee five minutes to explain any amendment he may offer, and any member who shall first obtain the floor, shall be allowed five minutes in opposition to it, and there shall be no further debate on the amendment, but the same privilege of debate shall be allowed in favor of or against any amendment that may be offered to the amendment, and neither the amendment nor an amendment to the amendment shall be withdrawn by the mover thereof, unless by the unanimous consent of the House. Adopted—yeas 119, nays 47.

Mr. Cobb, of Ala., moved to reconsider. This motion was discussed, and finally laid on the table; when, on motion, the House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Ashmun said he was willing to pay Texas ten millions—not for what we owe her—but for peace. He would vote for the bill.

Mr. Toombs reviewed the President's measure, arguing his assumption of powers dangerous to liberty, and concluding with the hope that Texas would defend her honor sword in hand.

Mr. Stevens, of Pa., viewed all the threats of disunion and bloody civil war, as impotent and as intended to intimidate the North. He strenuously resisted the extravagant claims of Texas to boundary, and regarded the bill as the mother of abominable concessions, of future wars, dissentions and nullification.

The Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 15th, in Committee of the Whole, the Appropriation Bill came up.

Mr. Duer defended the President's Message, and replied to Mr. Toombs. He would vote for the Texas Boundary Ten Millions Bill, because it would produce harmony and strengthen the bonds of union.

Mr. McLane opposed the President's views of boundary.

Mr. Venable did not want to see a Free Soil Abolition State on the Texas border.

Mr. Ash followed in favor of Texas, after which the Committee rose, and the House took a recess till 7 o'clock.

Evening Session.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Appropriation Bill. Mr. Marshall resigning the floor, it was taken by Mr. Sackett, who opposed the bill, saying he would not treat with rebels with arms in their hands.

Mr. Marshall then spoke in favor of Texas. He was followed by Mr. McKissock, who defined the President's Message, and invoked the spirit of concord to settle the agitating questions. At quarter past ten, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 16th, in Committee of the Whole, debate was continued on the Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Ewing adverted to the President's Message, as unfortunate in the present state of the country, calculated to add fuel to flame. He advocated the Ten Millions Boundary Bill.

A Message from the Senate announced the passage of the New Mexico Bill.

Mr. Bayly made the closing speech, condemning the President's recent Message, and defending the Committee of Ways and Means.

The Committee of the Whole then proceeded to vote on items in the bill.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., moved to amend the clause appropriating four hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and thirty-eight dollars, by adding a proviso to reduce the salaries of all officers of the Government, civil and military, as well as the pay of members of Congress one-fifth.

The time, he said, had arrived, when retrenchment should commence—the expenditures for this year requiring more than fifty-two millions of dollars. The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Orr moved to strike out all of the Proviso. Rejected—yeas 53, nays 70.

Mr. Schenck offered an amendment, proposing that the mileage shall be ten cents per mile, and that the members be paid an annual salary of twenty-five hundred dollars; provided, no member's pay shall commence until he takes his seat.

Mr. Hubbard offered an amendment to Mr Schenck's amendment, that a member shall have ten dollars deducted from his pay for each day's absence, unless he is sick or disabled from attending. He afterwards modified his amendment, making deduction read eight dollars. It was rejected—yeas 60, nays 67.

Mr. Schenck's amendment, as above, rejected.

Mr. Brown, of Miss., moved an amendment, that members shall be allowed only actual expenses for travelling, and twelve dollars per diem, from the time they leave until they return; providing that not more than twenty days for travelling either way, be so paid for. Rejected.

And after rejecting several other amendments, the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 17th, after reception of a letter tendering the resignation of Hon. C. M. Conrad, as member from the Second Congressional District of Louisiana; the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Appropriation Bill; taking up the per diem and mileage clause.

Several amendments were offered, discussed, and rejected. As originally reported, the clause provided that mileage was to be computed on a route by which mails are transported. No member residing East of the Rocky Mountains shall receive more than one thousand dollars mileage for each session, and no member or delegate, West of the Rocky Mountains, more than two thousand dollars—constructive mileage thus being prevented.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved an amendment, providing ten dollars additional to members for stationery. Carried.

Several amendments were made in reference to appropriations for furnishing books to members; and objections were made to the effect that such books were *sold* by the recipients; whereupon Mr. Giddings offered a proviso that the books shall be marked or stamped in an ineffaceable manner on the cover and the title-page, with the name of the member receiving it. This was adopted.

Without disposing of the subject, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Dr. Warren, of Boston, lately communicated the following among the other interesting particulars in regard to the Siamese twins:

"The connecting substance is very strong, and has no great sensibility; it can be severely handled without causing pain. No pulsating vessel can be felt in it. The slightest motion of one is immediately followed by the other in the same direction, so that the same wish seems to influence both: this is quite involuntarily, or a habit formed by necessity. They always face in one direction, standing nearly side by side and cannot without inconvenience face in opposite directions. One is rather more intellectual than the other; the most intellectual being rather irritable, the other being extremely amiable.

"The connection between these twins might afford some very interesting observations in physiology, therapeutics, and pathology. There is doubtless a connection by minute blood vessels, absorbents, and nervous filaments, which might transmit the action of medicines and the causes of disease. As far as known, any indisposition of one extends to the other; they are inclined to sleep and eat at the same time, and in the same quantity, and perform in the same manner other similar acts. It is supposed that when they are asleep, touching one awakens both, but when awake, an impulse given to one does not affect the other. The slightest movement of one is so soon perceived by the other that a careless observer might think they acted simultaneously. No part seems to have a perception common to both, except the middle of the connecting substance, and its neighborhood; for when an impression is made at this part, it is felt by both, while beyond this space it is felt only by the one of the side to which it is applied.

"From the limited vascular and nervous connection that can be discovered, Dr. Warren supposes that the influence of medicine, transmitted from one to the other, would be inconsiderable; and the same would apply to most diseases—for instance, a slight fever would not probably extend from one to the other, while diseases, communicable through the absorbents or capillaries (as small pox) would be readily transmitted. The beatings of both hearts coincide exactly, as also the pulses under ordinary circumstances; if one exerts himself without the other, his pulse alone will be quickened, while the latter is unchanged. They breathe also exactly together.

"This harmony in corporeal functions would lead us to ask if there be a similar harmony in the intellectual functions; if they are identically the same persons. There is no reason to suppose that their intellectual operations are any more the same than they would be in any two persons, confined together, educated under similar circumstances, and with similar habits and tastes.

"Then would come the question whether they could be separated with safety. Perhaps such an operation would not be necessarily fatal, but the peritonium may be continuous from one to the other and the opening of this great serious cavity might be attended with dangerous symptoms. Should one die before the other, it should be immediately performed, but no surgeon would be justified in attempting such an operation to free them from a mere inconvenience; which inconvenience, if we may believe the reports of their domestic affairs and flourishing condition in worldly goods, is after all of no very great importance.

Grasshoppers Emigrating.—A curious phenomenon has been witnessed here for several days past. By keeping the eye directed as nearly as possible to the focus of the sun, myriads of grasshoppers could be seen on the wing at a distance of several hundred feet in the air, apparently making their way South.—*Trumbull (Ohio) Whig.*

Sydney Smith praises the Duke of Bedford's pigs, for the "genius they display for obesity, and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and to agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound!"

General News.

A Voter for Gen. Washington.—John Vanhoosier lives in the county of Jefferson, Tenn., and he voted for Gen. Washington for the Presidency. He is in the 122nd year of his age.—Until recently, the Knoxville (Tenn.) Register tells us, he was in the habit of walking to and from that town on calls of business, a distance of five or six miles, without experiencing fatigue. He is a German by birth, but emigrated to this country about one hundred years since. He was in several of the most important battles of our Revolution. He voted for Gen. Washington for President of the United States, and boasts that he has never failed at any election for President from that time till the present. We understand that recently one of his daughters, a lass of eighteen years of age, paid him a visit, and found the old gentleman in his usual health. We doubt if another such case of longevity can be found in the United States.

The patriarch Dorner died lately near the foot of the Hill of Allen, county Kildare, Ireland, at the advanced age of 125. The deceased lived in the same townland in which he was born in the year 1725, having thus seen the throne of England filled by six successive sovereigns. He had been in a state of second infancy for nearly a quarter of a century.

Post Office in California.—We learn from the San Francisco Courier, that the receipts of the San Francisco Post-Office for Mr. Moore's first thirty weeks as Postmaster were $22,938, and they are now, of course, much larger. Of dead Letters, 33,360 have returned to the General Post-Office by Mr. M. and he has now 30,000 on hand. Mail contracts for interior service in California have been made to the extent of $66,840 per annum, and they are now being largely increased. The first mail was carried via Cape Horn, and was contained in a single bag. The last came across the Isthmus on the backs of sixty mules, and consisted of one-hundred and sixty bags. The Post-Office at first occupied one room in a building of which it now takes the whole, with a wing added on purpose, and its accommodations, allowance for clerk hire, &c., are now very inadequate. So they go over on the Pacific.

Southern Manufactures.—The Saluda Factory, near Columbia, South Carolina, is operated exclusively by blacks, excepting the overseers and superintendent, who are men of great experience in manufacturing, from the North. Though at first much prejudiced against negro labor, their observation has, it is *said*, led them to acknowledge its equal efficiency with that of white laborers, and, in some respects, its superiority. A weaver from Lowell, who has charge of the spinning department, reports, that while there is full as much work done by the blacks, they are much more attentive to the condition of their looms, and appear pleased with the manipulations in which they are engaged. White labor is generally employed in the Southern factories.

A Family Quarrel.—On account of some family differences existing between the late Sir Robert Peel and his son and heir, the present Sir Robert Peel, the latter had been absent from England for some years, during which time he was forbidden an intercourse with any member of his family. The first communication he received from his family was the summons to his father's death bed. He did not arrive to see his parent alive, but officiated as chief mourner at the funeral. He now holds all his father's immense estates; but the most prominent scion of the family is Mr. Frederick Peel, a young member of Parliament, who is said to inherit much of his father's genius.

Triangular Love Affair.—A young lady of New Orleans lately engaged herself to a gentleman who went to California to raise enough to set up house-keeping. During his absence another gentleman, Colonel O———, fell in love with her, but was forbidden the house by her parents. Nevertheless he got a friend of his to convey messages between him and the lady, and had every hope of succeeding in his suit, when the young lady eloped with the ambassador, leaving Colonel O———, as well as the California gentleman to console themselves as they best can. We would advise the "ambassador" to keep his eye-teeth cut—he will be the next dupe probably.

Henry A. Schoolcraft, of Sacramento, California, is now on a visit to his relatives in Albany. He is about twenty five years of age, and went out to California as a private soldier in Col. Stevenson's Regiment. After his discharge from the United States service, he obtained employment as book-keeper for Capt. Sutter, and has since accumulated an estate valued at $350,000. While in Capt. Sutter's employment he had at one time the paying off of six hundred clerks and surveyors, not one of whom received less than thirteen dollars per day. He states that during his stay with Capt. Sutter, $15,000,000 of that gentleman's money passed through his hands.

Singular Explosion.—A singular explosion occurred on the arrival of the 6 o'clock line from New York for Philadelphia, at the Market Street depot, this morning. A keg of yeast was put into the baggage crate, when it exploded with tremendous force, tearing off the top of the crate, throwing the keg at least 50 feet into the air. It landed at the feet of a bystander, having knocked one man down and completely covered him with froth, and scattered the contents on the passengers, giving them a ludicrous appearance. No lives lost.—*Newark Daily.*

The Census in New York City.—The schedules present some interesting facts in regard to the intelligence of the native citizens, and those of foreign birth. Those of American birth can generally read and write—the exceptions are rare indeed. So, too, of the Germans and French. Of those of Irish birth, however, there are many who cannot read and write, and that is also the case with those born in Prussia, Poland and Italy—the great majority of the latter having no knowledge of the alphabet even.

Capital Punishment.—The Constitutional Convention of Michigan have resolved not to interfere with the present law of that State, abolishing the penalty of death for murder. A proposition was made to incorporate the principle of the law in the Constitution, but this was indefinitely postponed, 37 to 27. Most of those in the negative were in favor of the adoption of the clause in the Constitution. The expression was nearly unanimously in favor of the present law. Michigan claims to be the first State to set this example.

Important from Rio.—Mr. F. W. Jones, late from Rio, reports that a few days before he sailed, news had reached that place of the burning of four Brazilian vessels in the port of Paranagua, by the British Admiral on that station. It was supposed the Admiral had received instructions from home to suppress the slave trade. The event had caused great excitement at Rio, and it is thought may lead to difficulty between Brazil and England.

Locusts in Jersey.—The locusts have appeared in great swarms, in Monmouth county. They have eaten up whole fields and devoured entire forests. Some of them are provided with a sting, by which they discharge a poison that is soon fatal. Near Hightstown, a boy twelve years old, was stung by one of them and he died before night. It is feared that they will attack the peach orchards, and the farmers are endeavoring to kill them.

Raspberries.—Nathaniel Hallock, of Milton, Ulster county, N. Y., has sent to New York, the present season, ten thousand baskets of Antwerp raspberries, each basket holding one pint. He gathered seven thousand baskets from one acre, and three thousand baskets from a lot of two acres, which had just began to bear. The prices obtained were from eighteen pence to two shillings a basket.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A Fruitful Mother.—The census-taker in the Western part of Sciota county, Ohio, informs the editor of the Portsmouth Dispatch, that he visited a family in which the mother had recently given birth to her *twentieth* child. He says it was a sight worth beholding, to see the youngsters running about the house, ranging from small to great, like the pipes of an organ.

Texas.—The Indians are very troublesome in the Western part of Texas. The whole country is being laid waste, and rapine and murder seem to be the order of the day. The farmers are forced to leave their crops and they go to waste and ruin. The stock is neglected, and either killed or driven off.

Every berth has been engaged in the "Jenny Lind boat," the Atlantic, so eager is the desire of the Americans, who are returning home, to be Jenny Lind's travelling companions.

PROGRESS OF COMFORT.

In the first period of occupation of England by mankind, there is no doubt that as the flesh of animals served for food, so their skins served for clothes. They had no woollen fabrics to use for such a purpose; they had neither manufactures of their own, nor money, nor other articles of barter to exchange for the clothing materials made by the nations of the continent, who were more advanced in knowledge and comfort. Woollen clothes, (first in England in 1191,) and those of flax, were the early produce of advancing knowledge and civilization. Those of silk were not made in England till about the year 1604. Hats were not made in England until about the year 1510. Shoes were not produced, of the present fashion, until 1633. As to furniture, the early inhabitants of England employed leaves and dried grass for beds; logs of wood, or stones, served the office of chairs and tables; the earth was their floor. It was only by gradual degrees the benches and other raised seats were used. The floor was at length garnished with rushes and straw, mixed with sweet-scented hay or flowers. Another long interval elapsed before—about 750—carpets were made in England. The beds on which our ancestors slept were often made of straw; even the King's beds were made of it, to the year 1234. Linen was first used in England in 1253. English blankets were not made before about 1340. Calico was not manufactured in England till 1772. If my little reader will but think of these things,—will but remember that his dwelling, its furniture, his clothes and his food, show how the increase of knowledge has gradually produced comfort, and how great is the advance which these two (knowledge and comfort) are continually making together, he will not fail to be deeply impressed with the advantages which knowledge (the fruit of study) has produced in even his creature-comforts; that is, in a better dwelling, more wholesome food, warmer clothes and more convenient furniture.—*Johnson's Rural Reader.*

Miscellaneous.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

I saw him but twice, the hero of the Mexican war, the chief man in power in the United States, the late President Zachary Taylor; but enough to feel that I saw in him—

"An honest man, the noblest work of God!"

The first time was a beautiful evening, on the green grounds around the White House. The Potomac glistened in the setting sun, a band of music in the grounds was playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and a gay crowd of men and women, and children, with nurses and negroes, were walking about, enjoying the evening, the music, the green grounds, and the view of the noble river, with the Washington Monument in giant proportions rising on its banks. President Taylor was among them, not as the Kings of Europe when they come down among the people, surrounded by guards or star-spangled attendants; no, but unattended, alone, plain in attire as the plainest of the citizens around him, the greatest part of whom were strangers to him. Yet he seemed to feel that he was among friends, and his honest face, and his unassuming bearing, his straight-forward, friendly manner, the firm and cordial pressure of his hand, made a friend even of the stranger who was for the first time introduced to him. He stood there serene, smiling to the children who were running about and tumbling in the grass in unconstrained liberty. He spoke of the pleasure they gave him.

It was truly a republican scene—one of those we would fain see more often on earth—where all distance between men, all difference of rank and fortune are done away with, and life is again an Idyl full of innocence and beauty in the lap of great nature. May the star-spangled ban-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only two of the promised Novelets for 1850 having yet been published, the Proprietors of the POST would call attention to the following, which are yet to come:—

THE BAYMOUNTS—A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

SHANNONDALE; OR, THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL—A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE—A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

When the above list has been gone through with, OTHERS EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE WILL FOLLOW, the Proprietors of the POST being determined not to be surpassed in this department by any cotemporary.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more

SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL READING,

such as is calculated to improve the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart.—Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

THE NEWS OF THE DAY

shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men—

A BANK NOTE LIST, A STOCK LIST, THE MARKETS, &C.,

shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for

OUR AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES* are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,		$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20.00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

ONE COPY of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, or Sartain's Magazine, for FOUR DOLLARS.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the publishers by letter, *post-paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.—We regard this paper as the best of the large weekly papers which come from Philadelphia. It is published by Deacon & Peterson, and edited by Henry Peterson. The publishers announce five original novelets, to be published during the next volume, which commences with the new year. For the excellence of its stories, its poetry, and all its selections, and the ability evinced in its editorials, the Post has no superior. There is in its columns an indication of unceasing industry, and indefatigable energy, on the part of its gentlemanly publishers, which cannot fail to place it at the head of American papers.—*Lynn News.*

The Saturday Evening Post is the best of our Philadelphia weeklies. It is devoted to matter of an instructing character, and is free from that frivolity which tends only to weaken the mind and deprave the taste. During the coming year many new and original contributions, drawn from life, will adorn its columns, and also a new series of Grace Greenwood's spirited letters.—*Tribune, Lockhaven, Pennsylvania.*

The Best Literary Paper published in Philadelphia is the Saturday Evening Post. This paper contains 36 columns of useful and interesting reading, news, &c. We recommend it to all who desire a good family newspaper.—*Palladium, Malone, New York.*

The Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Its high moral tone renders it a truly valuable paper for the family circle. If all the widely circulated newspapers were as pure in sentiment and morals as the Post, we should have a vast deal less suffering, misery and debauchery than is now abroad in the land. Some papers, instead of rebuking vice, pander to the lowest and basest passions of man, but the "Post" is not of that class.—*Gazette, Decatur, Indiana.*

The Saturday Post—a mammoth sheet, and the best literary and family newspaper in Philadelphia, if not in the world—is now about entering upon its thirtieth volume. Its prospectus for the coming year promises great attractions.—*Democrat, Montrose, Pennsylvania.*

M'ALISTER'S ALL-HEALING OINTMENT.

Contains no Mercury or other Mineral.

FOR TUMORS, ULCERS, AND ALL KINDS OF SORES, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

RHEUMATISM.—It removes, almost immediately the inflammation and swelling, and the pain ceases. Read the directions around the box.

JUST PUBLISHED—THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE; or, "Ghosts and Ghost-Seers"—By Catharine Crowe, authoress of Susan Hopley, Lilly Dawson, &c., &c.

"Thou comest in such a questionable shape, That I will speak to thee."

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Selected Poetry.

FROM TRASK'S MAGAZINE.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

APRIL 27, 1850.

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to mate
The last poet's verse in Death.
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our heads and held our breath.
He taught us little: but sometimes
Shall felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the world he saw
Of Passion with eternal law,
And yet with reverential awe:
We watched the front of fiery ills
Which frowned for their Tamer smile.

When Goethe passed away, he said—
"Back, then, to Europe's many-tongued."
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage."
He took the suffering human race,
He scanned each face with care,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou ailest here, and here."
He looked on Europe's wide world-pain,
Of fitful fevers and feverish power,
Of its eyes plunged down the weltering sea,
The turmoil of emptying life.
He said, "The soul is everywhere,
Art still has truth; take refuge there!"
And he was happy: he knew
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And, standing fate, his happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pain Gloria repose!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world descended
Since, ont, o mine, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades and the mournful gloom.

Wordsworth! a great time was—and Ye,
Ah, may ye but its voice so see!
Its, too, spoke calmly things
Wise indeed—as law is one time.
He found us when the age had bound
Our spirits in a dumb spell:
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at home
In the cool, flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
The little wave round us, and the light
Went o'er the rustling fields again;
The clamour died, the wind and rain;
Our power came back; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits deep-wounded, and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us. In his course
Goethe's mage mind, and Byron's fervor,
But were we dead though we should have
Again God Wordsworth's healing power!
Others will teach us how to rhyme,
But register our bruises to men!
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah, who, will make us free?
The dead of mortal distress,
Others will front (I fondly)—
But who, ah, who, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave.
O, Rotha, with thy living waves,
Sing him thy best; for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

Pictures of Life.

THE OLD MAID.

[We do not entirely like this—but it is written with much ability, and is probably a sketch from real life.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

When I first knew her, she was between thirty and forty. Her features were plain, yet she was far from ugly: there was a nameless charm in their common whole made her almost beautiful. Here was a face that you would have stood to look at, as if a picture. I recollect meeting her sometimes at our house, a long time ago, when I was a very little fellow. There was something very quiet and gentle about her, and that very calmness seemed to repel all intrusion. I used to wait to hear her, but dared not. Sometimes I would steal up to her accidentally as she sat at work, and she would stoop down to me with her forehead, and then push me gently away; and sometimes I thought I felt a tear fall on my cheek, but it must have been only fancy.

Years passed on, but to my youthful fancy they wrought no change in her who for the same gentle being as before. She recited a poetry little strange, but could not be said to live there, for she was always wandering from place to place among her acquaintances, and never in one service. Did Mrs. Tomkins want assistance in making a dress?—the old maid did the busiest needlewoman imaginable. Was Miss Jones busy preparing for her Christmas party?—the old gentlewoman was to write to the old maid to order and make some of the mince-pies that were so much praised last year. And when any individual in her circle of acquaintance was laid on bed of sickness, who so ready to smooth with gentle hand the pillow of pain, and talk in the quiet, wandering mind, as the old maid? Who, after her, would bend with unwearied care the restless bones of sickness, and raise the sinking head-rest of the sufferer by sitting near her through the livelong night with no other companion than a book and her own quiet thoughts?

Her second struggle alone in the world; for emerging a widowed sister, she had an orphan niece. Sometimes I wondered that she did not get married, but here the thought came into my head I hate to class. For somehow, I thought her will while her notion seemed quite absurd in connection with her. What! could we have done without her? But she married! It was one of the questions.

She lived at a small annuity in her little cottage near the outskirts of the town. There was a little patch of flower garden, and about three paces square, with a little hand-bed in the middle, and a few stunted evergreens round the side. She had one maid-servant, a little curious creature, of prim and staid air herself. The little front parlour was most sweetly furnished, and neat looking, but very cool. Two always saw some original bit of industry in progress on the table, and leaves and netting of the kind to be seen round the room. Some of her numerous friends were constantly asking her to make them one of those little no-use-no, like the one she did for Mrs. Briggs; and she was always happy to oblige them. There was no arm-chair or sofa in the room on the upper apartments (except one of Scrubwood's) you might sometimes observe a plain black bonnet and a pair of cotton gloves. There was a wood-table on the mantel-piece, but it had been a long while empty. There were a few books on a little shelf being against the wall: a little poetry and some good solid divinity—some sermons, and a few of Cowper's. He it contained an old jumble of things new and old. Too might have seen "Samuelas" and Hervey's "Meditations," Moore's "Lalla Rookh" "Joseph's Night-Thoughts," Scott's "Kokeby" and "Lady Something," Watson's "Angler" and "Paradise Lost." A Shakspeare there was of course—an old edition in many volumes; and, what used to please me most, a large old Bible with pictures in it.

Years passed by. We had lost sight of the old maid for several weeks, when one day she appeared at our house, quiet than ever, and in deep mourning, leaning on her hand a boy of eight years old. Her sister was dead, and she had left this boy to the care of his only relative in the world. I was grown a big fellow now, and when the old maid introduced me to little nephew, and would endure little nor the misuse of "pop in the ring," or endeavor to make him an object of terror?

The old maid seldom visited now, for she detested all her time to the education of her nephew; and when a couple of leaning, as he grew up, gentle and quiet like herself. As years passed away, her small care little change in the languid course of life; but there was much to be learned from her example. He had every good token of intellectual power of a high order, and she procured the best masters for him; and though she could no longer superintend his studies, she wanted set by him, and encourage him by gentle words and kisses.

In course of time he went to Cambridge. We knew not by what means he went so well enabled to prepare him for fame and honor, till we collected that the cottage indeed no rent; so others, the prize maid-servant was no longer to be seen.

Some years afterwards, the old maid called at our house to tell us good-bye. Her nephew, after becoming an M. A., had been recurred into the church; and while continuing his studies, had been manfully working for a curacy, but without success. He had been offered a situation to travel as tutor with a nobleman's son; but the poor old woman could not bear to part with him. At last, through some titled friend, he had procured a curacy of a hundred a year in a country village a long way off, and she was going to him. She looked rather thinner and older than of yore; but she was very cheerful and merry at the thought that her Harry was at last provided for, however poorly.

Time passed, and the nephew, from the curacy, succeeded to the living. He took a fair wife, a wealthy people, and his income was increased. After a little time he married; but the old maid could not leave his wife, though there was no outward objection to her. The bride was cheerful, good-tempered, and pretty; but the old maid looked for nothing lasting, and could not find it; there was no depth in her eyes—they were like painted glass.

The old maid left the home where she had been happy for so many years, and returned to her cottage. A fate say the minister and his wife were not sorry to get rid of her, for she was rather a check upon their housekeeping, and had become, they said, sour and "old;" and there was often no pleasing her, to what they would. But she was getting old, and the weight of years will bend down the strongest mind, and whether the outer covering of the heart, though not the heart itself.

She returned to her cottage, and became acquainted with a few old people like herself, who could feel for her loneliness, and at their house she used to spend the evenings. But she was no longer the gentle, suffering woman of thirty years before: she had become fretful and peevish; and now her frequent amusement was a rubber of whist, at which game she began to be an adept. Too solemn was her face look pleasant, as of old, unless when seated at the table with a pack of cards before her. Then she was never several rings on her fingers, and though her dress was of the same quiet kind as ever, it was ornamented with a brooch and chains which did not use to be there. She would talk to you of things you had forgotten long ago; of her visit to Abbotsford, with an anecdote of Sir Walter which she had from the lips of his housekeeper. She would criticise Edmund Kean, and inquire if you knew John Kemble; and to praise him in latter, and say she never cared to go in the play unless to see his "Hamlet;" it was so quiet, so melancholy, and solemn. You would wish to see it again, she said, but she had no one to take her. I remarked that, after that short interview, I was had died years ago, and she would only change the subject, and ask me what I thought of Scott's last novel.

Sometimes she would show you a miniature representing a man with curious as a woman, very dear. Then she would tell you how brave he was, but he was ambitious, which made her very unhappy; and how he went abroad, and his name had been returned among the "missing and wounded" in the skirmish at Quatre Bras. For many long years she had expected he would return, for in death not the worst—for then she could not believe that he was still alive. If you asked her who he was, she would look grave, and give you no answer.

One day the Rev. Mr. —— received a note from a physician informing him that his aunt was dying, and was anxious to see him once more. He flew to her cottage, but found that he set out, and reached the cottage a few hours after she was dead. She had left a note for him to read her burial service.

And I believe he placed the stone upon her grave, which sets forth that she was the daughter of a certain person, and that she died on such a day, in such a year. . . . Then follows a few recollect rightly, a verse from Holy Writ. This was the concluding line—"Blessed are the dead" by the ties of wife and children in the living, would forget her existence. Even the nephew, away so if she had never been; and no one now, but some ordinary dweller in the myself, recalls even a fitting memory of the Old Maid.

SMALL CHARITIES.

Would you ain't a going to send a looking glass to that fortune's wife previous?" exclaimed a little girl to her benevolent aunt.

"Why, yes," replied Aunt Susan; "I shouldn't feel quite easy. Suppose she is blind of one eye and crippled in one hand, so that she can slowly and painfully cure by a little sewing barely enough to pay her rent,) always keeps her little room and herself neat, and is as good as she can be (why; but her old black cap is always awry, and the patch intended to cover the disfigured eye never exactly fits the place, and is always in the pose. This gives her rather a repulsive appearance, and might deter other kind-hearted individuals from using her who only give to interesting people.)"

"Well, I should never have thought of that, and as I have a spare bread and comb—"

"Exactly," interrupted her aunt, interrupting Aunt Susan, "and yet shall go and carry her a looking glass myself."

How many people imagine it is not in their power to aid the poor, and how many others do not think of the many little comforts which, though insignificant to us what will be most useful. A very pretty little story is told of Sheridan. A lady who was dreadfully complained the other day that "all her friends had left her—not a soul to call on her, she would only give me a little charcoal to boil the water, or a little change to buy bread, I might have a comfortable meal." Now, which indeed was a large needs at a small cost, is often bestowed with a very ill grace, and the receiver is aware that considerable fuel must be consumed to cook the food, and that the amount of bread or meat would be much more useful and palatable. Now, Aunt Susan, to whom we have referred, has more than one looking glass, and that little is the most judicious way, so that she does a great deal of good. She will also, no doubt, give a pair of needles to a poor seamstress; if eyes are failing, a pair of spectacles; and has actually suggested that instead of buying knickknacks for tea, the money should be expended for a pail to save the trouble of sending out for a small pitcher: so many worthless pastimes to the party; and was so enthusiastic in urging away her best pair of shoes, (being "so attached to the old thing,") to enable a poor woman to carry home her work.

These trifling incidents are recorded merely to suggest benevolence to the timid reader, what a vast amount of benefit might be conferred every year and how much misery be saved. I would supply some of the lesser wants of the poor, which are constantly required for a want of a few cents, by those who enter think of or of creations, by those who enter think of or of universal stimulants. In a certain town, for a while, old Mr. Dalsky was the only person that kept the lamps. He had a wife, who "kept a store" to the daughter of a Colonel who lived in the upper part of the town. She was the one ragged himself out in his "Sunday's clothes," and putting on his father's boots, which he had purloined for the occasion, started "pretty lambs" for the Colonel's, sending within himself that what a favorable impression he and he would make upon the affections of the daughter. Arrived at the house, he was ushered into the parlor, and at the door, in came the Colonel, who, after the usual salutations, inquired his business.

"This is Mr. Dalsky's son, isn't it?"

"I am, sir," was the prompt reply of the lad.

"Well, what is it, my boy? Speak out, don't be afraid."

"I have got ever know a young man to hold a cent of silk for his favorite to wind without getting it strongly entangled?

"Yes, I have often seen a gal with her dress on a woman with her foot kept."

AN ENGLISH'S DISCOURTESY.—When the last Duke of Wellington died, a certain Yankee was a long time in a room with a Britisher, who had also had two more constantly employed in the making of mourning apparel, and in the course of months: and that the course may be easier-stood, we will call the Britisher Bull, and the Yankee Jonathan.

Mr. Stephenson, "Hello! what is the matter with you, Mr. ——? I am sorry to see you."

Jonathan, "I am a mourner, sir, for my late patron benefactor, and must go up to town to his funeral."

Mr. Stephenson. "Cupped! pooh! pooh! you are not going to make a fool of yourself, are you? Why, you never saw the man in your life, and it is always better to dampen down the fire than to feed it with fuel."

Or the Late Fatal Duel.—The Boston Post perpetrates the following:

Our Croton shall be ranked as fancy stock!
Some fool may buy it, and be shocked
Because it takes with great bounce grow,
And comes up water in the cellar.
Its force is nice vagaries to the poles,
Its velocity will be out of sight,
And sometimes raises when the tempests rage,
Its fall is very unsteady, and its rise
Yet, most much 'allowed commission ought
To those who undertake to sell it.

☞ A horseman who was said to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using his tooth brush.

"Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned.

"Why, ma'am, I guess not," was the reply, "he's just sharpening his teeth."

How to Get an Estate.—Lend a man a small sum of money, and he will feel quite kind to you week for it. Wait two months. In three months ask him for payment. He will get angry—denounce and ever speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never know it to fail.

Answers or Disagreeing.—D'Alembert was the son of a clergyman, and had a high mind, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed at the porch of St. Roch. There he was found by a poor woman who raised a livelihood by her needle. She adopted him, educated him by the produce of her labor, and placed him in the college of Mazarigues. The young man profited by the instruction received, so that, like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his little way. Every one who has come known even all Europe, and the learned societies of Paris are the ambitious student of Mazarigues. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last became proud of having given birth to such a son. Her foster mother had been watched, and consequently, the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without avowing it to be mother. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day reported in the Academy, and inquired to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the impropriety of parents, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I see your mother in you," said she to the author! You are mistaken; I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He would not hear more. The mother had recognized her